

FARMER'S LOST FAT COST HIM HIS CHILD.

Headgear Blew Off from a Steamer and a Polite Young Man Restored It.

Fell in Love with the Granger's Daughter and the Two Figured in an Elopement.

Love Laughed at the Parents' Vigilance, and the Couple Fled in a Carriage at Night.

PAPA WAS THERE, BUT LOVER FOUGHT.

He Struck the Old Gentleman a Severe Blow and Sent Him Reeling, and Escaped with His Sweetheart.

PATERSON, N. J., Aug. 30.—Henry Darden has for years cultivated a fertile farm on the Mountain, near Paterson, and accumulated considerable wealth. His daughter, Mamie, was the belle of the township and had many admirers. She has not yet reached her majority, and only a year ago graduated from a private school in Paterson. She seemed to give little encouragement to the young men who called upon her, and this pleased her parents, who were anxious to have their daughter remain with them.

LOST HAT PRODUCED A LOVER.

During the early part of last month Darden took his wife and daughter to Coney Island. The Dardens started for home on one of the Iron steamboats. As the farmer was standing on the upper deck a gust of wind blew his hat off. It sailed into the lower deck, and was returned to him by a polite, neatly attired young man, who thus secured an introduction to Miss Darden. He said his name was George Lavery, and that he was an architect, with an office in Brooklyn. Before the boat landed Lavery secured permission to visit the mountain home of the Dardens.

A few days later the young man drove up to the farm, and after that he visited the farm frequently. A strong friendship, that quickly ripened into love, sprang up between Miss Darden and Lavery. Mrs. Darden questioned her daughter, but she declared that there was no thought, either on her or Lavery's part, of marriage.

A short time afterward Mrs. Darden caught Lavery kissing her daughter, and pleading his cause to her in the impassioned tones of a lover. Then Mamie's parents declared that Lavery's visits should cease. The girl, however, maintained that she would never live at her home if she could not receive the callers she liked.

Being used to receive perfect obedience in all things from their daughter, the Dardens were surprised, and, fearing that she might carry out her threats, they consented to having Lavery call, but said that his visits must be less frequent. The desire of the parents was complied with, but a strict watch was kept on the two.

Two weeks ago Lavery asked for Miss Darden's hand, but met with a stern refusal. The old farmer stormed and fumed, and declared that it was an outrage for Lavery to suggest marriage with his daughter. She was only a child, and the father said he could not part with her for several years. Darden ordered Lavery from the house and warned him not to return. The young man obeyed, but before he jumped into his carriage he had a whispered consultation with his sweetheart.

LITTLE PLOT FRUSTRATED.

On Monday night last Mamie felt a sick headache, and retired before 8 o'clock. Her parents followed her to her room soon afterward and found her apparently sound asleep. About 10 o'clock Darden was aroused by some one moving about the house. He hurried downstairs to the front door, and there found his daughter.

"My head ached terribly, and I came out to get some fresh air, the night is so beautiful," she said, in answer to her father's query.

While she was speaking the old farmer heard the rattling of a carriage, and he accused his daughter of holding a clandestine meeting with Lavery. Mamie denied the accusation, and, bursting into tears, hurried to her bedroom. No day Darden apologized to his daughter, fearing he had done her an injustice.

AN EXCITING ELOPEMENT.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. Darden noticed that her daughter spent much of her time in her bedroom. The mother became suspicious, and mentioned the matter to her husband. That evening Mamie again complained of headache, and offered this as an excuse to retire early. Her parents also went to bed early, but it was with one eye open that Darden slept. About 11 o'clock he heard a noise, and, thinking one moving about near the lower hall door, and hurried down. He was confronted by his daughter, who was carrying a satchel. She was leaving the front door on the arm of Lavery, when the farmer shouted:

"Come back here, you villain! Mamie, don't move another step."

The girl screamed, and Lavery, turning, snatched the state of affairs. Pushing Mamie off the steps, he told her to wait with her valise to the carriage and he would join her. As Darden sprang to the door screaming for his daughter, Lavery struck him a blow that sent him reeling into the hall. Then Lavery slammed the door and hurried off to the carriage. The eloping couple have not been seen since by their parents.

On Saturday the farmer drove to this city and made a complaint before Justice Lavery, charging Lavery with assault and battery. He does not desire to punish his daughter, and if she returns the parents will receive her with open arms. But Lavery, they declare, must be punished.

OVER A FRIENDSHIP RING.

Woods Had Given It to Mary and Wanted It Back.

MARY ENGLER, a young needlewoman, who lives at No. 24 Boerum place, Brooklyn, went down to Canarsie with James Woods, who is one of her admirers, yesterday morning.

They went around and enjoyed the sights, ate clam chowder and discussed matrimony. Miss Engler had a friendship ring which Woods had given her as a token of his admiration. She said something which aggravated her escort. He demanded the ring and said he was going right back to Brooklyn.

They walked along until they reached Rockaway avenue and Main street. Again Woods demanded the ring, but Mary refused to surrender it. He grabbed at her hand. She slipped his grasp and he fell backward and hit his head against a post in front of Smith's Hotel. His scalp was cut and he sustained a concussion of the brain.

Woods was removed to St. Mary's Hospital and Mary was locked up on the suspicion that she had pushed the young man. Woods is about twenty-three years old. His address is unknown.

LOVER STILL A PRISONER.

Mrs. McGrath Keeps Her Son Shut Away from His Sweetheart, and Even from the Priest.

The two young lovers, Edward McGrath and Katie McGlynn, who are kept from matrimony by the imprisonment of the young man in his mother's house, No. 72 Kent avenue, Williamsburg, still have to content themselves with glances exchanged through the windows of their respective homes.

The would-be bridegroom's captivity has continued for three days, and Mrs. McGrath, who is tall and energetic, declares her son shall remain under lock and key until he promises to give up Katie. The young couple had almost eluded her, and were on their way to the priest's, when the angry mother swooped down on her son and led him away, lamenting.

Father Dunn, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, is interested in the young lovers, and on Saturday called to have a talk with Edward. Mrs. McGrath said she could not tell him where her son was to be found and the priest went away without seeing him.

"We are both deeply in love," she said, "and Mrs. McGrath need not think she can keep us from being married. Edward is sure to escape before long, and the next

time we go to the priest's, we shall get there before his mother."

Katie is eighteen years old and Edward nineteen.

Charged with Robbery, He Goes to Jail, with a Lordly Air and Heads of His Frontiers.

Park Ridge, N. J., Aug. 30.—Gifford Richardson, a fourteen-year-old boy, victim of dime novel reading, was arrested yesterday by Officer Duray and taken before Justice Smith, charged with larceny.

Professor A. L. Rawson, who was recently fined \$200 in the same court on a technical charge of larceny for publishing what was claimed to be the private letter of Mrs. Eganline Gaudin, the alleged \$17,000 heiress of Woodliff, made the complaint.

The boy is charged with taking a revolver, a palette knife, a gun, and breaking open a small safe belonging to Alfred Sayres, of Hillside Manor, from which it is claimed, \$25 was taken.

Justice Smith held the boy in \$100 bonds for examination on Tuesday morning. As the parents desired to have counsel for their son, although the boy's father refused to become surety for the lad's appearance in court.

Young Richardson has been a boon companion of the Rawson twins, sons of the complainant. The parents deny anything of a criminal nature, and think that a quarrel with the Rawsons led to the charge. They also seem to think that a few days' detention in jail may have a beneficial effect on the lad.

The boy is a victim of novel-reading and went willingly to jail with the air of a student. He braced his nerves during confinement he purchased on his way to jail "Fannie Jack, the Frontier Sleuth," "Slippery Sam," "Human Elf" and "The Mountain Avenger."

On arrival at the jail, young Richardson in a lordly manner, inquired: "Where are the prisoners?"

Sheriff Hering assigned him a cell in the juvenile ward.

PARIS GREEN AND BULLET.

An Old Man Attempts to End His Life While His Son Pleads with Him.

Feeble, shattered in health and fearing the loss of his sight, an old man made a desperate attempt to take his life last night. He swallowed a quantity of Paris green, and, after threatening his son, sent a .32-caliber bullet into his head.

He lies in St. Catherine's Hospital, Williamsburg, in a little cigar store, No. 103 Throop avenue, was gradually decreasing, so Peter Richter turned it over to his married daughter, Mrs. Fichen, and retired to a quiet life in the back of the store. His complaints were cheerfully answered by Mrs. Fichen, and his drooping spirits revived for a time. He soon became despondent, and declared his life not worth the struggle.

He approached his daughter yesterday afternoon and showed her by exclaiming: "I am through with this existence!" He told her he had swallowed Paris green. She immediately ran out for a doctor. In her absence the old man reached a revolver in one of the bureau drawers and raised it to his head.

His son, who rushed into the store and tried to snatch the weapon from the old man's grasp. Failing in this, he entreated his father not to kill himself. Richter warned his son not to interfere. Then the bullet was fired, as Mrs. Fichen rushed into the room, followed by a doctor. The man was removed unconscious to the hospital. He is not expected to recover.

BURGLARIES AT WAVE CREST.

Man Arrested Wearing the Clothing of One of the Victims.

FAR ROCKAWAY, L. I., Aug. 30.—A number of small robberies have taken place in Wave Crest in the past three weeks, but were not made public until last night, when Constable Johnson arrested Samuel McCormick as the robber. When arrested he was wearing a coat which had been stolen from the cottage of A. J. Newton, on the night of the 15th, and who searched at the station house several letters addressed to Mr. Newton were found in the pockets.

On August 9 W. P. Dixon's house was burglarized and wearing apparel stolen. On the 27th the cottage of Mrs. M. B. Brown was entered, the thief got \$5, fishing tackle and considerable wine from the cellar. All the cottages that were robbed are in Wave Crest and all were entered by cellar windows.

HORSE STEPS ON A CHILD.

Boy Jumps from an Ice Wagon and Is Seriously Hurt.

MARIA BACKLEY, seven years old, jumped from an ice cart Saturday to get a piece of ice, in DeKalb avenue, a short distance from his home at No. 258 Graham street. The driver ordered him to get down.

The boy sprang from the wagon and fell on his back in the street. A passing horse placed one of his hoofs on the boy's face, lacerating it and injuring one of his eyes. Dr. Lemmerz, of the Homeopathic Hospital, dressed his wounds and removed him to his home.

PROTESTS THAT HE IS NOT A VAGRANT.

Denver Lawyer Placed Under Arrest by a Special Policeman in Brooklyn.

Says He Was Merely Looking for a Hotel and Declares His Arrest an Outrage.

THROWN INTO JAIL FOR A DAY.

Justice Goetting Refuses to Read Letters Which He Offers in Proof of His Identity—His Case Comes Up This Morning.

Alfred Sayres, an elderly and well dressed man, who said he was a lawyer of Denver, Col., was arrested in the Lee Avenue Police Court, Williamsburg, on a charge of vagrancy yesterday morning. Sayres was taken into custody Saturday night by Special Policeman Graf, of the Bedford Avenue Station, while looking for his hotel, the Metropolitan, at Grand street and Kent avenue. Despite the man's appearance of respectability and his indignant protest that his

name was not a vagrant, he was thrown into jail for a day. Justice Goetting refused to read letters which he offers in proof of his identity. His case comes up this morning.

SAW HIS VICTIM KISS THE WOMAN HE LOVED AND SLEW HIM SOON AFTERWARD.

Plunged a Knife Into His Breast, and Each Time the Blade Penetrated the Heart.

MURDERED MAN DIED STANDING UP.

He Tried to Avoid the Other, but the Slayer, Mad with Jealousy, Pursued Him—Girl's Wild Grief.

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PATERSON, N. J., Aug. 30.—John Whas was murdered on the street last night by George Subak, who stabbed him to the heart with a large clasp knife. Both men were in love with Bertha Pataki, a servant girl, who, until last night, was employed by Judge Strickes, of this city. The dead man was the accepted suitor of the girl, and he had left her side but fifteen minutes when his rival's dagger ended his life on a crowded thoroughfare, before the eyes of a

dozen young men, who were too horrified to try to avert the tragedy. The murderer was captured by Policeman Jensen before his victim had breathed his last.

Whas and Bertha last night went out for a walk, and strolled about until 10 o'clock. Then they returned to Hall avenue, where both lived, and kissed each other a good by.

SAW THE GOOD-BY KISS.

Unknown to the lovers, George Subak, who had tried to press his unlamented attention on Bertha, had watched that good-bye kiss, and the sight of the girl he loved in the arms of another drove him into a frenzy of jealous rage, and he vowed vengeance on his rival.

Whas started to follow Whas and came up with him at the Pennsylvania Hotel. Subak started to follow Whas and came up with him at the Pennsylvania Hotel. Subak started to follow Whas and came up with him at the Pennsylvania Hotel.

GAVE HIM TWO DEATH WOUNDS.

Subak was seen to draw a knife from his pocket and open it. He made a rush for Whas, and buried the knife to the hilt in his breast. He withdrew the weapon and plunged it once more into his rival's breast. He then closed the knife and calmly walked away, while Subak and his friends, greatly frightened, fled.

Whas soon afterward tottered to a fence and stood supporting himself by his hands, and died standing on his feet without uttering a word. Policeman Jensen was near at hand and he saw Subak running up the track. He pursued and soon caught the murderer.

Says was caught by some of the bystanders as he was escaping to the woods. Both men are looked up at Police Headquarters and the chief witness, was arrested today.

County Physician Long performed an autopsy and found that both fatal wounds had penetrated the heart.

The murdered man's sweetheart, Bertha Pataki, is wild with grief.

DEAD DRUNK ON THE TRACKS.

Engineer Stopped His Train Just in Time When Didn't Wake Up.

ETNA, N. J., Aug. 30.—Henry Ehrlich, engineer of a westbound passenger train on the New Jersey & New York road, was sending his train along at a great speed last night at 9:30 o'clock near Westwood, when to his horror he saw a man lying across the track.

The engineer reversed his engine and applied the brakes and succeeded in stopping his train within a few feet of the man. He was not dead or injured, but was dead drunk, and he had a number of empty bottles nearby and it was evident he had gone to the village, and before or after purchasing his entablature, had lugged to the train.

The man was a stranger, and was taken aboard to the next station, where he was thrown on a bench. During the long performance the man slept like a log.

BEAT WIFE AND CHILD?

Mrs. Mussig and Her Little One Complain of Her Husband.

Mrs. Lizzie Mussig, of No. 4 East Third street, Windsor Terrace, called at the Grant Street Police Station yesterday. Her eyes were both discolored, and she had bruises all over her body, she declared.

With her was her six-year-old child, George, who also had a black eye and a nasty cut beneath the bruise which the fellow assailed his father had given him, because he told his father to stop beating his mother. Mussig, on Saturday night, went home, found fault with his wife and, when she reconstituted with him, struck her in the face, knocked her down and beat her while she was on the floor. She says the child took hold of his father's coat, and the father hit him with a stick, struck him in the face. When the child cried, the father told him that next time he would know enough to keep out of the way.

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THIS BRAVE UNKNOWN SAVED MANY LIVES.

Stopped Two Wild Cars Just as They Were About to Strike a Trolley.

Latter Was Filled with Passengers and a Wild Panic and Scramble Occurred to Get Out.

MISCHIEVOUS BOYS RELEASED THE CARS.

They Ran Down Grade and a Collision Seemed Inevitable When the Stranger Appeared and Acted Quickly—He Got Away Unnoticed.

PATERSON, N. J., Aug. 30.—The quickness and daring of one man averted what threatened to be a serious accident in this city last evening. Two heavily laden express cars running down a grade were stopped by the man within a short distance of a trolley car loaded with thirty or more passengers.

The two express cars had been standing on a siding back of the Erie Railroad depot at Market street. They were attached to each other, but not to other cars that stood on the siding. The siding on which they stood does not end before reaching Market street, as do the other sidings at the depot. It connects with the trolley tracks and is used for transporting locomotives which are built at the engine works. The two cars were just at the top of a short, steep grade that exists from the depot to Market street.

Two boys, as nearly as can be learned, were responsible for the happening. They were waiting about the depot for the arrival of late editions of the New York papers. While playing they climbed on to the first of the two cars, and then kicked loose the cog shoe which holds the brake when it is on. They worked the cog loose, and the brake spun around, loosening the brake shoes. The cars began to move down the short incline toward Market street. The boys tried to tighten the brake again, but could not, and, to save themselves, jumped from the cars. The cars gained speed rapidly, as they went down the incline. A trolley car was approaching the point of junction, and those who saw the cars coming knew that the express cars and the trolley car must meet at the junction, unless something unforeseen happened.

Some people shouted to the motorman, but he did not pay attention. Usually there is no danger there, and as he could see none he kept on. There were about thirty passengers in the car. When the cars were within a few feet of the sidewalk, and only a few rods from the trolley car, a